

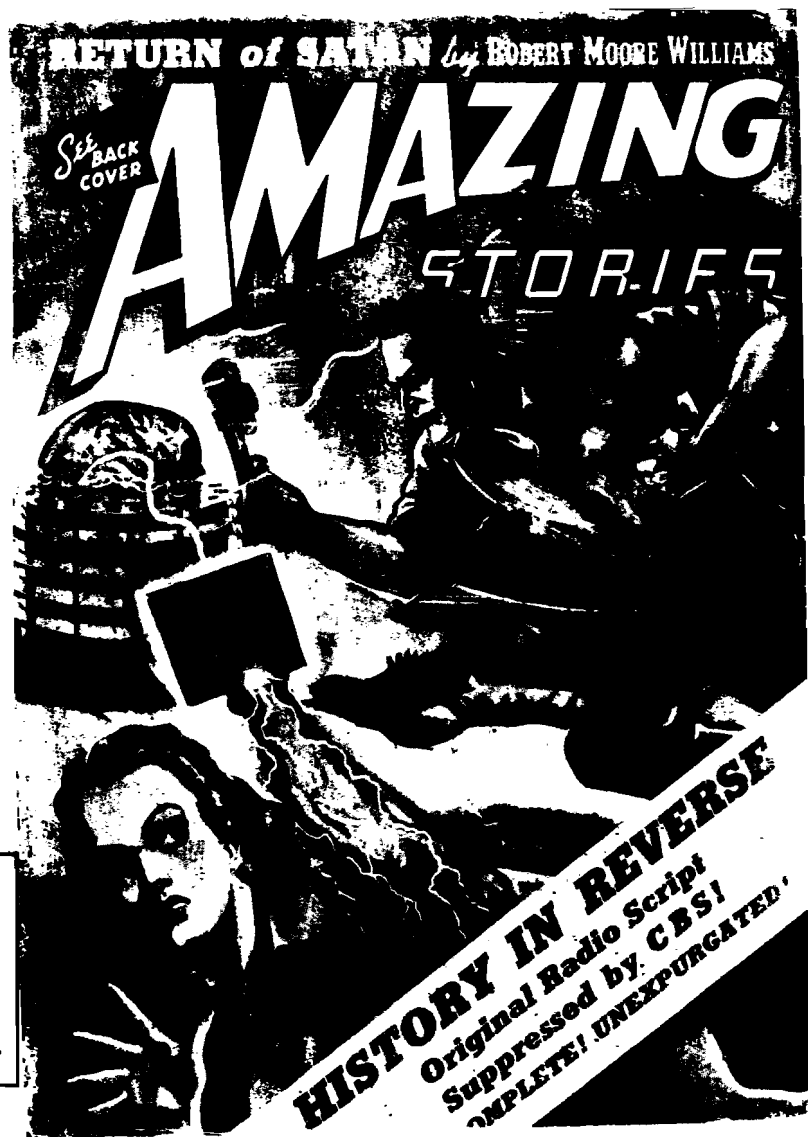
Illustrated Press

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

SINCE 1975

NUMBER 39 **OCTOBER 1979** **16 PAGES**

BELOW IS THE ORIGINAL COVER FOR THE AMAZING STORIES ISSUE THAT CONTAINED THE STORY THAT CONCLUDES THIS MONTH see page twelve



RETURN of SATAN by **ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS**

See BACK COVER

AMAZING STORIES

HISTORY IN REVERSE
Original Radio Script
Suppressed by CBS!
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THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$13.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a membership card, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press),

and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$2.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$6.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$13.00 for the year; Feb., \$12.00; March \$11.00; April \$10.00; May \$9.00; June \$8.00; July \$7.00; Aug., \$6.00; Sept., \$5.00; Oct., \$4.00; Nov., \$3.00; and Dec., \$2.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

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CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library address.

TAPE LIBRARY: Dom Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, N.Y. 14213
(716) 884-2004

REFERENCE LIBRARY: Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island,
N.Y. 14072
(716) 773-2485

OTHER BUSINESS: OTRC
P.O. Box 119
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Saginaw, Mich. 48602

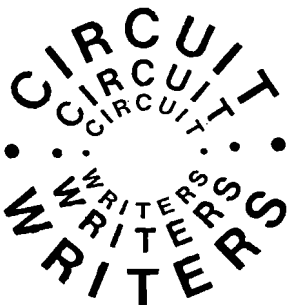
DEADLINE: for IP #40-November 12th.
for IP #41-December 10th.

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BACK ISSUES: All are \$1.00 each, postpaid, except where noted. Out-of-print issues can be borrowed from the reference library.

MEMORIES: Vol 1 #1 (\$2.00), #3, #4, #5; Vol. 2 #1, #4 (\$2.00).
IP: #3 (with SHADOW script), #5A (RH AC/OTRC special #1), #8 (50¢), #10 (with Part 1 of LUX RADIO THEATER log), #14 (50¢), #15 (50¢), #16, #17, #18, RHAC/OTRC Special #2, #19, #20, #21, #23, #24, #25, #26, #27, #28 (RHAC/OTRC Special #3), #29, #30, #31, #32 (\$2.00), #33, #34, #37, #38, #39.



THE ONCE & FUTURE CLUB: A Modest Proposal by Chuck Seeley

Word is that there are several rumors circulating about the OTRC. Among them: the club is about to fold, the July IP is the last issue, and others of that sort. Obviously these rumors are false. The club still exists and this is the second IP since the July issue.

However, there is no denying that the OTRC is having serious problems, problems that may indeed threaten the club's existence. For the benefit of the out-of-town members, I will try to outline those problems here along with some background.

The major problem is, of course, money, which Kean Crowe touched on in his editorial last issue. The club's current money crunch is not a new thing, nor was it a surprise. When we decided last year to rearrange the dues schedule so that all members would come due for renewal in the same month (January), we knew that money would be tight at the end of 1979. The reason for the dues rearrangement, by the way, is very simple. Using our old way of collecting dues, with members being due for renewal all during the year, it was impossible to work out a realistic budget. We would never know how much income, if any, we'd have each month. We would never know how much cash reserve we could count on. For example, one month may have had ten members due for renewal. If all ten renewed, we had \$100 that month. But there might be only two or three renewals due the next month or two. And we couldn't count on everyone to renew. Therefore, the change in dues structure was indicated.

According to our figures last year, we would have had enough in the treasury to make it through the lean period until January, 1980, when all but two or three members would be due for renewal.

Apparently, it didn't work. The raise in postage prices was not anticipated. Shortly thereafter, paper and printing costs jumped. Both of these unexpected price rises forced us to announce the suspension of MEMORIES in August 1978. Some members may recall that we asked for subscriptions to keep the magazine going, which in retrospect was not a good thing to do. After all, members had already paid for MEMORIES in their yearly dues and most were unwilling to kick in extra for it. Subscriptions received fell far short of the number needed and all monies were returned.

By the end of 1978 though, we were confident that we could swing a twice-yearly MEMORIES and announced that fact. As it turned out, we were very much mistaken. A fair amount of 1979 money was used to pay 1978 bills, and there was none to be had for MEMORIES again.

In the last four or five months, we've literally stumbled along from month to month to get the IP out. And things finally collapsed in August. Two things prevented the publication of the August IP. Primarily, we didn't have enough money. We had just enough to either print the issue or mail it, but not both. Secondly, but probably more important, was the fact that our printer couldn't print the August issue because an injury had incapacitated her. So, even if we'd have had the money, we couldn't have had the issue printed.

Try another printer? Sure, but another printer would charge us twice as much as does Millie, our current printer. If we didn't have enough to afford Millie, we certainly couldn't afford another printer. (Millie prints and collates 200 copies of the IP for \$20. There is no way this price can be beat. The next best price is a little over \$40 for the same quantity. We'll come back to the printing bit further on.)

So, because of the lack of money and Millie's accident, there could be no August IP.

The missing IP caused an uproar among the mail membership. It was, apparently, the final straw for many of them. No doubt many will not renew.

This brought about, in September, the longest, and in some ways, most frustrating OTRC meeting to date. Frustrating, because that meeting brought home to me the realization that a good number

of the local club membership have no concern for the out-of-town membership. There seems to be little thought given to the responsibilities the club has to mail members. Part of this lack of concern is shown by the OTRC banquet, announced last issue. Whether or not the banquet itself was a good idea is not at issue here; the point is that holding the banquet at this time, during the club's financial crisis, was a foolish and ill-considered decision. A banquet/convention was discussed in 1978, but was vetoed because the expense would have been too great. We should have followed that same course this year and I blame myself for not speaking out against it until it was too late. The banquet was a gamble, and it was stupid to gamble the club's money at this time.

The banquet, held October 9th, was a financial disaster. The club lost approximately \$50 on the affair, \$50 that we need desperately to keep the IP going the rest of the year. (The loss is probably closer to \$60, after all the nonsensical fripperies insisted upon by the banquet chairman are included.) The club president, banquet chairman Patrick Capello, and others seem to think that this loss can be easily made up by a few members paying their 1980 dues early. This is simply a ridiculous notion. Here we are paying bills with next year's money again. This just won't work. We'll be starting 1980 in debt. And if a goodly number of mail members choose not to renew, a very distinct possibility, that deficit will be very important.

The loss, the weak leadership, indecision, and indifferent attitude at the local level, does not bode well for the club's continued existence. I am not optimistic about the club's survival through 1980, under the present conditions.

So here's my "modest proposal." This is going to sound a bit drastic and I'm sure the local membership won't like it at all: Let's change the club to center totally on mail membership.

Here's how: First, the present structure of president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer must be abandoned. The club should be run STRICTLY AS A BUSINESS by no more than five people. Four would be better. These four or five must be truly concerned with making the club go, and be willing to spend a great amount of time to running it, because they will be doing all the work.

Second, the present dues of \$13 is unreasonable. Raising the dues by \$3 in June 1979 was a classic case of too little too late. And I'm sure that many members found it distasteful to be paying more and receiving less. The dues should be dropped back down to \$10 per year, and the family and junior membership categories dropped entirely.

Time for some hard figures. To print 200 copies of an IP, it will cost about \$40, a year's worth (12 issues) will be \$600. But figures \$50 more to take into account paper costs, which tend to jump up with regularity. You will notice that this is being figured on the basis that Millie will not be printing the IP. While I like Millie and there is no doubt that the club owes her great, great thanks for getting MEMORIES and the IP going in the first place, she is just not reliable enough to get the IP out on schedule. This is shown by the continual lateness of the IP. It can take her up to two weeks to print an issue, contrasted with the two or three days it would take (and has taken, on occasion) another printer. Also, frankly, Millie's work is sloppy. We literally never know how a given issue will look when she's done with it. Pages are usually crooked, margins dropped, the ink can be too heavy or too light, etc. To produce a successful publication, each issue must be out on schedule and it must be cleanly printed. So I am budgeting here for another printer, more expensive, but very reliable. At this point, I can't see doing it any other way.

So, figure \$650 to print 12 IPs. Now figure \$50 more to cover the editor's expenses. These include such things as paper, typewriter ribbons, various kinds of pencils and erasers, rubber cement, etc. This is an expense that most tend to overlook, probably because each of the items is comparatively cheap. But these are necessary items and the expense does build up.

The total so far is \$700. Now we come to the killer: postage. Believe it or not, the IP is currently being mailed the cheapest way possible for us. We mail roughly 130 copies of each issue, which costs about \$20 each mailing. This is first class at 15¢ per piece. Third class mail, which one would think is less expensive, ironically, is not. The lowest third class rate is 20¢ for one ounce, more than the first class rate of 15¢. Since we mail only 130 pieces

per mailing, we can't qualify for second class or bulk rate. So we're stuck with 15%. It costs \$24.0 to mail 12 IPs to 130 people. Now, should the time come that we can mail 200 IPs in one mailing, we'll get a break. With 200 at one time, we can qualify for bulk rate, which costs 8.4% per piece. We'll be able to mail 200 copies for less than it costs to mail 130.

But right now this must be figured on a basis of 130 members. So, add the \$24.0 postage cost to the previous figure of \$700 and we get \$94.0.

Still assuming 130 members and \$10 dues, our operating capital is \$1300. After the IP cost is subtracted, we have \$360 left over.

We haven't considered MEMORIES yet. The magazine's 8 1/2" by 11" format makes it pretty expensive to produce because it uses more paper than the IP. Remember that, size-wise, one MEMORIES' page equals 2 IP pages. It will cost \$80 to print 200 copies of MEMORIES. Four issues are then \$320, which leaves \$40 from our \$360. It costs 28¢ to mail an issue of MEMORIES, so it costs roughly \$37 to mail 130 copies. Obviously, we're not going to be able to afford to do four issues of MEMORIES. We can, however, afford to do two issues per year. This would cost in the area of \$24.0, which includes printing 200 copies of each and mailing 130 of each. Add another \$10 to cover envelopes in which to mail the magazine. Another option is to make MEMORIES an annual, with more pages. For now, though, we'll figure it as a twice-yearly.

After subtracting MEMORIES' \$250 from \$360, we have \$110 left over. I propose that this remainder, after the IP and MEMORIES have been budgeted for, be used to build a GOOD tape library. The major problem with our current library is that it relies on member donations. Some members have donated many shows, others none. Quality varies from donation to donation, some shows are unlistenable. I don't think that a member-donated tape library can ever have the consistent quality needed for a first class library. Why not use that \$110 to buy first generation tapes of shows from the people who deal in first generation material? Some of the money can be used to produce lists of the library material. I'm not sure, though, how the tape library should be handled. Since most collectors use open reel, we should concentrate on open reel. But what about cassette collectors? How do we decide how much

of the library should be cassette and how much open reel? And how do we work the mechanics of borrowing from the library? Since members have already paid for the library tapes with their dues money, it seems to me that they shouldn't be charged to borrow the tapes, aside from postage. Or should they, with the money thus generated going towards buying more shows?

The reference library should be dropped. The club's current reference library has been rarely used throughout its existence. The items in it of most interest to collectors are the scripts and logs, and these can be reproduced in the publications or, perhaps, xeroxed on order. But the reference library itself is unnecessary.

Membership cards should be forgotten. They serve no earthly purpose and add only unnecessary expense and bookkeeping. Address labels can easily show membership expiration dates, as they do now.

And here's the part the locals really won't like: DROP THE LOCAL CLUB. I see no place for banquets and picnics in a national club. Few benefit at the expense of many, which is plainly unfair and unjust. There would be no more meetings of 15 or 20 people to "run" the proposed changed OTRC; the meetings we have had have just managed to bollix things up. This is not to say that interested parties couldn't get together, shoot the bull, and enjoy coffee and donuts. It just wouldn't be an OTRC meeting and nothing decided at it would affect the OTRC. Locals would receive their materials by mail, just like everyone else.

I suppose the idea of four or five people running the club may not sound attractive to some, but it needn't be so. As I said earlier, these people have to be dedicated to the club and will have to do the work. It would make the workings of the club much more efficient. These four or five people need not even be in the same location either, though if they weren't I'd expect phone bills to be charged to the club.

All this probably sounds as if I'm proposing a dictatorship or some sort of junta or something, and perhaps I am. But I see nothing wrong with it and I think it would work.

I don't know when you'll be reading this. I'm writing this on the 9th of October. I've said

(continued on page eleven)

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

A couple of years ago we started the series on the background of the various broadcast organizations. This is the final installment in that series, and will deal with the overseas shortwave networks.

We'll start with the Voice of America, which is a major division of the International Communication Agency (formerly the U.S. Information Agency), operated by the federal government.

VOA broadcast for the first time in 1942, early in World War II, to Germany. In its first program, broadcast in German, it said "The news may be good or bad, but we shall tell you the truth." This has been its guiding principle over the years. They feel that while biased reporting might obviously reap an immediate gain, it would only be at the price of eventual loss of faith. VOA felt that it could be effective only if it won and held the trust of its listeners. Currently, VOA directs its programming to other countries in 36 regularly scheduled languages, and other languages in special programs. They broadcast 789 hours per week, compared with 1,975 by USSR; 1,438 by the People's Republic of China; 1,087 by Egypt; 763 by West Germany; 754 by Taiwan; and 721 by the United Kingdom. Local radio stations in other countries also broadcast programs prepared by VOA. The master control center is located in Washington, D.C., with studios in Washington, New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles and Miami. They have 41 transmitters located in the United States and 68 overseas located in England, West Germany, Greece, Liberia, Morocco, Philippines, Sri Lanka, and Thailand. In an interview in *U.S. News*, R. Peter Straus, the VOA director, was asked how they handle a highly controversial subject. He said that they follow their three-part mission: 1) to tell the news "like it is", 2) give argument for and against the U.S. government position, and 3) to support U.S. foreign policy. They do this with a sort of editorial page, clearly identified as commentary and completely separated from the news broadcasts. Columnist

James Reston has said, "This may seem an extreme statement, but for detailed accounts of the world's news, I believe there is nothing on the commercial networks of the United States that equals its (VOA) performance."

As mentioned earlier, other countries are also in this same shortwave propaganda effort. How does VOA compare? I think, very favorably. Russia and China are very heavy-handed in their propaganda. Again Reston says, "They don't broadcast news to the elite who listen and think, but beam outrageous propaganda at the boobs, who don't listen. The way they muck-rake America, night and day, is an international scandal, and fortunately, the more they spread it, the less it is likely to be believed." The two countries follow a very straight and hard Marxist line, whether they are talking about the neutron bomb or American cars. They offer very little music. Voice of America, on the other hand, offers a wide range of songs, because they have learned that most people are more interested in American music than in news from anywhere.

Such studies as are possible indicate that the VOA has 40 to 50 million listeners a week in the Soviet Union. The typical listener tends to be somewhat younger, better educated, and more politically curious than other Soviet citizens.

Our other overseas broadcast organization is Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. Radio Free Europe was founded in 1950 and aimed its broadcasts mainly at Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Poland, Romania, and Hungary; and in 1951 Radio Liberty was founded to send broadcasts to the Soviet Union. At that time, both corporations received funding by the U.S. government, which was channeled through the CIA, with some additional private contributions. Connections with the CIA were severed in 1971 when funds were received by direct Congressional appropriation through the State Department. In 1973 the Board for International Broadcasting was set up to provide Congressional appropriations. The two networks were merged into one, RFE/RL, in October 1976. The congressional charter gives this organization the purpose to "encourage a constructive dialogue with the peoples of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union by enhancing their knowledge of de-

(continued on page eleven)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article appeared on October 7th in the nationally syndicated PARADE magazine. It is reprinted here because it is of interest to OTR and because I needed something to fill the pages with. If you've seen it already, just remember that you could have filled this space with your own contribution to the IP.

Lone Ranger rides the airwaves again, joined by a host of new and imaginative programs that are revitalizing an old medium

Move Over, TV-- Radio Is Booming

by Frank Brady

It's 1943, just before 9 o'clock on a Monday night. The children are lying on the living room floor making reluctant attempts at finishing their homework before going to bed. Dad is half-heartedly reading the sports pages. Mom is patching someone's pants. Aunt Lillian is writing a letter to a friend. The radio, with its softly-lighted amber dial, is tuned to the "Blue" network. Suddenly, familiar theme music is heard and a voice announces: "Lux Presents Hollywood." The children, in almost Pavlovian response, cock their heads toward their parents to see whether permission will be given to stay up. Dad pretends to continue to read the sports pages; mother nods and keeps sewing; Aunt Lillian puts her letter aside and smiles. Everybody listens. The theater of the imagination is about to begin.

For the next hour, with Cecil B. DeMille as host, and such stars as Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Claudette Colbert entertaining, the entire family will be guided to the Berber forts of the Sahara, the decks of the Titanic, the porches of Groves Corners or the cafes of the Champs Elysees. They will become privy to the secrets of the Oval Office, the boudoir conversations of Henry VIII, the inner thoughts of Pontius Pilate, the quarrels of Dagwood and Blondie.

To millions of Americans the experience of listening to the radio with their families and being transported, with the help of their minds, to far-away lands and distant times, is still a powerful memory. For many—especially those who are over 35—the remembrance of such shows as Sus-



Today's cover shows the faces behind some famous radio voices, new and old: From left, The Shadow, Vincent Price, Cecil B. DeMille, The Lone Ranger, Cicely Tyson, Stan Freberg, The Green Hornet and Julie Harris.

perse, Gang Busters or Escape is touched with a lament that radio drama has passed into oblivion.

But it hasn't. You can now tune into another thrilling episode of what might become your favorite radio show. Those too young to remember the shows of yesterday can experience the special alchemy of radio for themselves. Radio drama is no longer just an arcane memory of innocence obliterated by television but a live, thriving and highly popular art that is enjoying a renaissance. These are the good old times.

Currently, there are five new dramatic programs on radio. One can be frightened by *Inner Sanctum* type mysteries in modern dress, titillated by Henry Morgan comedy skits, absorbed by the plays of Shakespeare or caught up in Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. For a new, often provocative, lis-

tening experience, experimental, avant-garde radio plays by such writers as Samuel Beckett, Edward Albee and Woody Allen are being broadcast.

For the past two decades, radio drama has been as out of fashion as vaudeville, displaced in the early 1950s by television. The only type of radio programming to be heard in the land has been music and news. In the early 1970s, as a result of the nostalgia explosion, and to add some variety to their programming, some stations began to broadcast old tapes from radio's Golden Age: episodes from *The Shadow*, *The Green Hornet*, and even *The Lone Ranger*. Although this homage to "camp" never produced a national listenership of any magnitude, it indicated to some radio producers that the audience was still there. In 1973, CBS took the gamble that both advertisers and listeners would support a new regular dramatic series on network radio, and the *Radio Mystery Theater*, with actor E. C. Marshall as host and long-time radio producer Himan Brown as director, was born. For the first time in a generation, listeners had the opportunity to turn out the lights for an hour each night, seven times a week, and enter the fiendish world of the macabre and the mysterious. They have been mesmerized by tales ranging from the thrillers of Edgar Allan Poe and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to the science fiction of Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke.

CBS' faith in the medium of radio was justified. Advertisers responded by becoming sponsors and within a few weeks the show received a blizzard of over 200,000 letters of endorsement from listeners. One child



Culver



Radio drama in 1930s was heavily emotional (top). The new programs on the air are likely to be more subtle and sophisticated. Left, Hugh O'Brian

narrates an F. Scott Fitzgerald story; center, Nanette Fabray in a comedy role; right, E.G. Marshall takes starring role in a Dickens tale.

wrote saying: "I love to watch radio." E. C. Marshall, who went to work on the show "with great jubilation," said that radio was "a powerful instrument, lying idle for too long." Julie Newmar, Michael York, Mercedes McCambridge, Forrest Tucker, Tammy Grimes, Meryl Streep, Hugh O'Brian and Barbara Rush, among others, have all had parts on radio within the past few months.

Earplay, now heard weekly over the more than 200 stations of the National Public Radio network, was another early pioneer in the rebirth of radio drama. Such poignant one-hour productions as Robert Anderson's *I Never Sang for My Father*, with Melvyn Douglas repeating the role for which he won an Oscar nomination, and John Gardner's *The Temptation Game*, a tale of the spiritual adventures of a monk in the England of King Richard I,

have captured a new audience of radio followers. Three of *Earplay's* original radio scripts were so well written that they were recently transferred to the stage: *Wings* by Arthur Kopit, *The Water Engine* by David Mamet, and *Lone Star* by James McClure. The National Radio Theater, broadcast on the Chicago classical music station WFMT, is similar in format and ambience to the old Mercury Theater of the Air, the Columbia Workshop

and the Cavalcade of America shows of the 1930s and '40s. For the last few years it has produced dramas varying from such classic radio set pieces as *Sorry, Wrong Number* and *The Fall of the City* to new, original adaptations of *Frankenstein* and *A Tale of Two Cities*.

The Sears Radio Theatre, which started recently, sponsored by the department store people, offers five shows of radio drama each week, also aired on the CBS network but, ironically, produced in a defunct sound studio at Paramount Pictures in Hollywood. A different genre airs every night: mystery hosted by Vincent Price; comedy hosted by Andy Griffith; westerns hosted by Lorne Greene; "love and death" (drama) hosted by Cicely Tyson; and adventure hosted by Richard Widmark. Both Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler, two of the most renowned radio scriptwriters in the world, have done original dramas for Sears and promise more to come.

The Masterpiece Radio Theater on the National Public Radio network, with Julie Harris as host, offers extended classics in series form. Some of these, including Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, are produced in England, which has never abandoned radio. For other of the Masterpiece Radio Theater shows, British directors are on lend-lease to the American station (WGBH in Boston) that produces the 52-week series. The one-hour programs, consisting of four, five or more parts, are bringing to the air such works as *Jane Eyre* and *Moby Dick*.

Why is radio drama making a comeback when television is still omnipresent? The answer involves economic, cultural and psychological factors. Advertisers find they can reach more people for less money through radio than with more costly TV commercials. Since people apparently identify a product more with drama than with music and news, sponsors are now encouraging networks to come up with new dramatic formats.

An anti-TV backlash may also be responsible for the resurgence of radio. The audience apparently is escalating because of a reaction to the video wasteland that consists largely of re-runs and game shows, with all the good movies seemingly to be shown at 3 a.m.

Radio, according to its advocates, is an active medium. The imagination must come into play for it to work at all. The listener becomes the costumer, set designer and the make-up man and creates the characters and the sets in his mind. The basic appeal of radio has always been that in order to enjoy it, one can't merely hear it. It has

to be listened to attentively. This process of mental animation is attractive to many people who over the years have been fed on a steady diet of the passive experience of watching television, and who seek a more participatory entertainment.

The evocative power of radio was once humorously demonstrated by Stan Freberg with a promotional spot in which he aurally "created" the world's largest ice cream sundae... in the listener's mind. With appropriate sound effects, he first scooped out Lake Michigan and filled it with chocolate syrup. He then ordered an avalanche of whipped cream. With the help of the Royal Canadian Air Force, a huge maraschino cherry was dropped on top, while 25,000 extras wildly cheered. Quipped Freberg: "Now try that on television!"

Frank Mankiewicz, the president of National Public Radio, says that it is possible that we may shortly return to a new Golden Age of Radio: "With the full gamut of serials, comedies, adventures and drama, for both children and adults, and with stereo and other technical advances, it should be better and more believable than ever." Norman Corwin tends to agree: "Maybe the current shows can do it. I don't know. What I do know is that the opportunity to write for radio could be the thing that can stimulate a whole new generation of playwrights."

NPR is adding to the dream of the radio renaissance early next year by broadcasting 13 weeks of the radio version of *Star Wars*. The National Radio Theater has also just received a \$1.5 million grant to produce radio adaptations of 13 Homeric legends, with James Earl Jones mentioned as Cyclops and Melina Mercouri as Circe.

Tune in next week to find out if Odysseus will kill Hector and avoid the Sirens... or... if R2D2 can outsmart Darth Vader and escape being deprogrammed. The Shadow knows... and now so can you. **D**

PARADE • OCTOBER 7, 1979



MR. KEEN
8:30 P. M.

Benson Klipack solves "The Lighthouse Murder Case"!

National Radio Trader

**We're still
growing like a
weed . . .**

Can you tell us why?

- Is it our professional printing and editing?
- Is it our ads from traders around the country?
- Is it our features like—

*From Out of the Past Comes . . .
Radio in Review
Radio Roots
Ye Olde Equipment Shoppe
Radio Answer Man
Radio Crossword*

- Is it our news of clubs and old-time radio happenings?

**Whatever it is . . .
we must be doing
something right!**

If you're not already a subscriber, send for free sample issue mentioning where you saw this ad.

Write:

National Radio Trader
Post Office Box 1147
Mount Vernon, Washington 98273

Then . . .

Please tell us what we're doing that's making us grow like a weed!



Adventures of the Thin Man 8:30 P.M.

That clever but happy-go-lucky couple, Nick and Nora Charles, is back with a series of hair-raising adventures.

Friday on Broadway

7:30 P. M. A blend of new and old songs fills the half-hour of music presented by Kay Penton, Mary Ann Mabey and Fred Walder.

It Pays to Be Ignorant ★ 9:00 P. M.

Tom Howard's trio of "mis-informants" prove they have a combined talent for tangents that lead everywhere but to the right answers.

Moore and Duranle

10:00 P. M. It's time for another rollicking half-hour with those clowns of the airwaves . . . Garry (Junior) Moore and Jimmy (Schnozzola) Durante.

TAPE SPONDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least two months.

NEW! Al Olson, 4601 Terracewood Drive, Bloomington, Minn. 55437—Looking for SETH PARKER and SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES. Will buy or trade.

Corb Besso, 815 Greenwood Ave., NE Atlanta, Ga. 30306—Wants cassette of IN SEARCH OF...episode which examined the Sherlock Holmes character. Also looking for the SEARS RADIO THEATER for 2/14/79, "The Thirteenth Governess", with Howard Duff and Linda Kaye Henning.

Pete Bellanca, 1620 Ferry Rd., Grand Island, N.Y. 14072—Looking for the pre-game show from the 1978-79 AFC playoff (Houston vs Pittsburgh) and any AFL game. Will trade two hours for one.

Doug Brown, 409 Louisiana Avenue, Cumberland, Md. 21502—Looking for BREAKFAST CLUB.

Gene Bradford, 21707 Rosedale St., Clair Shores, Mich. 48080—Wants TOM MIX STRAIGHTSHOOTERS, SKY KING, and JACK ARMSTRONG programs.

M.R. Ciel, 112 Central Ave. Hillside N.J. 07642—Wants: PRESENTING BORIS KARLOFF, FRANK MERRIWELL, GREEN HORNET and NICK CARTER all on ½ track.

Ed Carr, 216 Shaner St., Boyertown, Pa. 19512—Wanted: ½ show lists from collectors of transcription discs, or if you have friends who collect discs, have them send me their lists and I will try to find the other half.

Millie Dunworth, 47 Kamper Street, Buffalo, N.Y. 14210—Looking for THOSE WE LOVE starring Nan Grey, Richard Cromwell and Donald Woods.

Ron Laporte, 1057 Felix, Windsor, Ont. N9C 3L4—Looking for any GRAND OLE OPRY with Hank Williams. Also looking for THREE SHEETS to THE WIND with John Wayne.

Stu Mann, 44 Ganson St., North Tonawanda, N.Y. 14120—Looking for DAMON RUNYON THEATER and THE LONE RANGER. Will trade two for one to get them.

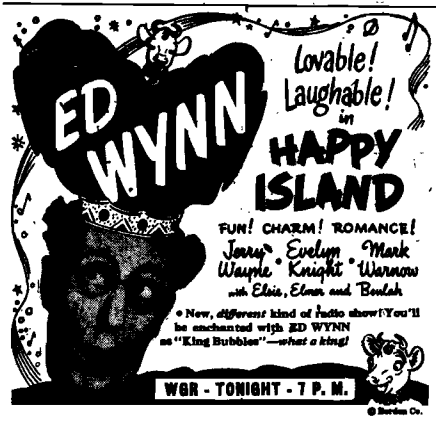
Bruce Rittenhouse, 327 Marquette Dr. Rochester, Mich. 48063—Looking for SUPERMAN, FLASH GORDON, and a MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR HOUR from Sept. or Oct. 1943 with an appearance by a Detroit Chrysler worker.

Jim Snyder, 517 North Hamilton St., Saginaw, Mich. 48602—Looking for any LUX RADIO THEATER shows he doesn't have. Will trade two for one to get them and has over 300 to choose from.

TAPE LIBRARY: Volunteers are in the process of rating the sound quality of each reel and cassette in the club's Tape Library. The rated contents of these tapes will be listed here until all have been graded, at which time an entirely new Tape Library list will be issued. If you would like to help grade the tapes, send your name and address to the Tape Librarian at the address on page two. Specify cassette or reel, and you'll have to take pot-luck as to tapes received. Please listen to each program on a tape COMPLETELY and grade shows: Excellent, Very Good, Good, Fair or Poor. Please note any serious sound defects (static, off-speed, etc.). Each show must be graded separately. Please return a list of the graded shows when you return the tape. Naturally, there is no rental charge for volunteers, so here's a chance to pick up some shows for just the cost of postage.

The following reels have already been graded: #8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 22, 24, 28, 32, 37, 42-44, 46, 48, 50, 58, 61-65, 71-75, 80, 94, 99, 101-105, 107-110, 114. The following cassettes have already been graded: C29-31, 34-53.

LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel—\$1.25 per month; 1800' reel—\$1.00 per month; 1200' reel—\$.75 per month; cassette—\$.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: for the USA and APO—50¢ for one reel, 25¢ for each additional reel; 25¢ for each cassette. For Canada: \$1.25 for one reel, 75¢ for each additional reel; 75¢ for each cassette. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.



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WGR - TONIGHT - 7 P. M.

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WIRELESS WANDERINGS (continued)

velopments in the world at large and their own countries." The Board for International Broadcasting is required, by law, to oversee RFE/RL to see that it operates "in a manner not inconsistent with the broad foreign policy objectives" of the United States. Its programming seems to be restricted much narrower than is that of the Voice of America.

Most Western shortwave stations broadcast worldwide to primarily promote understanding for the sponsoring country and its policies. In contrast to this, RFE/RL emphasizes developments within the area where its audience lives, developments that are denied or censored by the local media. About half of the daily air time is devoted to newscasts, news analysis, and like matters. The balance deals with cultural, historical, and political material denied to listeners by censorship.

RFE/RL uses 46 transmitters located in Germany, Portugal, and Spain and broadcasts in 16 of the languages spoken in the USSR and six other major languages of Eastern Europe. It is estimated that about 13 million people hear RFE, and 3 to 4 million listen to RL in Russia, each day.

Although the Helsinki Agreement of 1975 specified that jamming of foreign broadcasts would no longer be allowed (the United States has never jammed others), all broadcasts to Russia are jammed, are heavily jammed in Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, and less so in Poland. Broadcasts reach Romania and Hungary without jamming. Soviet party chief Leonid Brezhnev defended the continued jamming in 1976 by saying of RFE/RL, "There very existence poisons the international atmosphere. It is a direct challenge to both the spirit and the letter of agreements reached at Helsinki." How clearly the broadcasts get through depends on the signal strength and the jammer location.

In Public Law 93-129, Congress stated: "Open communication of information and ideas among the people of the world contributes to international peace and stability and that the promotion of such communication is in the interest of the United States. Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty have demonstrated their effectiveness in furthering the open communication of information and ideas in Eastern Europe and the USSR."

(Editor's note: Jim Snyder's series on the radio networks has previously appeared in the following issues of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS: #16-NBC, #20-ABC, #24-CBS, #28-Mutual, #32-AFRS, and #36-National Public Radio.)

CIRCUIT WRITERS (continued)

some things here I've felt should be said for a while. They haven't been said before because of the bad feelings that may arise, as well as damage to the club itself. I've said them now because I'm outraged with the cavalier attitude the local membership is displaying towards the mail membership. The club is in bad shape and I want it to survive.

Let me know what you think of this proposal. Since this issue will undoubtedly arrive in your mailboxes after the OTR convention in Bridgeport, Connecticut on October 20th, I'll be discussing it with the members I meet there. But I need to hear from the rest of you. Please write or call. I can be reached at 294 Victoria Boulevard, Kenmore, New York 14217 and (716) 877-2387. And let the club officers know your feelings, too.

Above all, stick with the club a while longer; wait and see what develops.

And I hope I don't get shot at the next meeting.

FROM THE EDITOR

Seems to me that Chuck's Circuit Writers column deserves some sort of reply. I could say some things here but I intend to wait and see what the rest of you, out there somewhere, have to say.

The money crunch mentioned in last issue's editorial is still a problem, but a very good September meeting showed that there are members, locally, concerned about the IP and are trying to help out. A very special thanks must go to Norm, who got the IP printed last time when our regular printer was unavailable.

This issue, October, should be reaching you at the end of the month or in very early November. In my mind, that makes the IP still a month late. I had wanted to date this issue Oct.-Nov., but the locals members voted against it. This will mean you'll get at least 11 issues this year, although late.

-Kean Francis Crowe, Ed. IP.

HISTORY



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BY AMAZING STORIES



in REVERSE

BY LEE LAURENCE

PART THREE CONCLUSION

CARMAN: They're calling me back at ten—the doctor is due here also. In the meantime I'll have to talk fast. Here's what I want to do if New York comes through with the money.

HUGHES: Shoot.

CARMAN: I've cabled London. Told Heatherstone to buy the motion picture rights to H. G. Wells' "Outline of History"—

HUGHES: "Outline of History"? ... Isn't that pretty dry stuff, Alex.

CARMAN: Not the way we'll make it. Now look, Bill, I want you to do all the photography on this thing, all the authentic stuff.

HUGHES: But I thought this doctor—

CARMAN: He's a scientist, not a photographer. That's why I've called you in before he gets here—see if you'll take the job. You can name your own price.

HUGHES: That's throwing things at a fellow pretty sudden like, Alex.

CARMAN: No more suddenly than it was thrown at me, Bill.

HUGHES: But this globe, this time machine—what effect—

CARMAN: I don't know anything about that part of it. That'll have to wait till Dr. Hopkins gets here. All I know is that we're on the threshold of the greatest development motion pictures have ever made.

SOUND: *Buzz of Intercommunicating Set . . . Click of Switch*

CARMAN: Yes?

MISS WADE: (On Filter) That young man who was in here yesterday is back.

CARMAN: Dr. Hopkins?

MISS WADE: (On Filter) Yes, sir.

CARMAN: Tell him to wait, please.

SOUND: *Click of Switch*

CARMAN: (Turns to Hughes Quickly) He's outside now, Bill—what's your answer?

HUGHES: (Slowly) You've been more or less of a Godfather to me, Alex, I don't think you'd ring me into any-

thing phoney. If New York comes through with the money and if this Dr. Hopkins looks all right to me, I'll do it.

CARMAN: Good!

SOUND: *Click of Switch*

CARMAN: Send Dr. Hopkins in.

MISS WADE: (On Filter) Yes, sir. (Turning) You can go in now.

SOUND: *Click of Switch . . . Door Opens*

HOPKINS: (From Doorway) Good morning, Mr. Carman.

SOUND: *Door Closes*

CARMAN: Good morning, doctor.

HOPKINS: I hope I didn't spoil too much of your evening last night.

CARMAN: You didn't—(Shaking Hands) How are you, doctor?

HOPKINS: Fine, thank you.

CARMAN: Dr. Hopkins, this is Bill Hughes.

HOPKINS: Glad to know you.

HUGHES: Howdy.

CARMAN: Hughes is our most valuable cameraman—worked for years on our newswreel staff. An ideal man for the work we discussed.

HOPKINS: Excellent. Ah—(Hesitantly) I hope you impressed Mr. Hughes with the need for secrecy?

CARMAN: Bill's all right. I practically raised him from a kid. We have nothing to worry about on that score.

HUGHES: Mr. Carman has been telling me an amazing story.

HOPKIN: To the layman I imagine it would be amazing.

HUGHES: Your invention, doctor, is it something along the lines of the Hans Plaudt theory of psychology—

HOPKINS: To an extent only—Plaudt stops short of the actual time development. He is correct in his theory of an exaggerated time-sense only in the fact that the exaggeration was born of human frailty. You are a student of metaphysics, Mr. Hughes?

HUGHES: In a way.

HOPKIN: Then I shall be most pleased to work with you, to show you the mistakes in metaphysical deductions.

SOUND: *Phone Rings*

HUGHES: There's your New York call, Alex.

SOUND: *Phone Pickup*

CARMAN: Hello . . . Yes. Put him on . . . (Aside) It's J. P. . . Hello. Yes, I've been waiting right here . . . what's that? . . . (Arguing) I know, J. P., but I can't tell you any more than I've told you! You've got to believe me! . . . I know it is . . . Sure. . . Look, J. P., I'd put my own money into this if I had it, but I don't . . . All right, I know it sounds like a crackpot idea . . . I don't blame you . . . but I wish you'd put more faith in my judgment. (Sorrowfully) All right . . . sure . . . goodbye.

SOUND: *Slow Hangup*

CARMAN: Well, gentlemen—there you are!

HUGHES: I didn't think you'd get away with it, Alex, they're pretty tight-fisted, that bunch.

HOPKINS: (Slowly) Gentlemen, I'm not much on money matters, and what I'm going to propose might not be exactly—well—legal. But it might be a pleasant solution to our problems. Once before I thought of doing it but it requires a certain amount of capital.

CARMAN: What are you getting at, Doctor Hopkins?

HOPKINS: I was noticing in the morning papers that Burgess Aircraft Consolidated gained fifteen points in the past ten days.

CARMAN: Burgess Aircraft is a purely speculative stock—it's liable to do anything. Why?

HOPKINS: Armed with the information of what it did in the past ten days, why couldn't someone, if he so desired and if he had the money, why couldn't he go back in time ten days in my time globe and make a purchase. Then wait for it to rise and sell out this afternoon.

HUGHES: Good Lord! What an idea!

HOPKIN: Of course it would have to be done on several exchanges in

small amounts—otherwise it might cause disastrous complications.

CARMAN: But—

HOPKINS: If, as you say, it is a speculative stock, guided largely by gamblers, I see no reason for not using it for the advancement of science—and Wide World Pictures.

CARMAN: What do you think, Bill?

HUGHES: Sounds screwy to me. But at least if it works, we'll have definite proof of Dr. Hopkins' time machine.

CARMAN: By Jove, I'll do it!

SOUND: *Click of Switch*

MISS WADE: Yes, Mr. Carman?

CARMAN: Bring me my checkbook! I want to write a check.

MISS WADE: Yes, sir.

SOUND: *Click of Switch*

HOPKINS: And don't forget, Carman, to date it back ten days!

ORCHESTRA: (*Bridge . . . Down For:*)

CARMAN: (*Narrative*) . . . and so, gentlemen, we made money on the market to finance the construction of a larger, more powerful machine. . . . In the days that followed, Bill Hughes and Doctor Hopkins became good friends and worked together like madmen to complete the building of the second machine. It was as thoroughly equipped as money could make it. Both men realized fully the dangers of the venture and figured on every possible precaution. Especially did they purchase heavy big game guns, knowing that adventures in the past ages would bring them face to face with formidable foes. The night before the first trip into the past the men had dinner at my home. . . . I dismissed my servants immediately after dinner so that we could talk freely. (*Fading*) The discussion was held in my study before a blazing log fire.

SOUND: *Cracking Flames In*

HUGHES: Wonder where we'll be this time tomorrow night, Doc?

HOPKINS: (*Chuckle*) Dodging Norman Atwoods in 1066 over Hastings, most likely.

CARMAN: Look here, you two, are you sure you're taking everything you'll need for safety?

HUGHES: Can't tell definitely, Alex, but we're pretty well equipped. Had to go as light as possible. Camera equipment itself heavy as all get out.

HOPKINS: You see . . . rather than make the first jaunt a long one as we'd originally planned, Mr. Carman, Bill and I have decided to shoot some scenes from "The Battle of Hastings" and return. If we find we're short of anything we'll have time to get it before the big scenes.

CARMAN: I'm worried just a bit about the film on the "Pompeii" scenes, the heat and ashes may play havoc with it.

HOPKINS: We're planning to photograph the Vesuvius eruption from one of the side ports in the globe. It'll be too dangerous to go outside for it. . . . (*Dreaming*) You know, it's strange, here we are in 1939. . . . We know for sure that Vesuvius is going to explode in 63 A. D. . . . It seems like we should go back and warn the residents of Pompeii to flee before it does.

HUGHES: Fat chance we'd have doing it, Doc. The people'd take one look at us and our funny 1939 clothes and burn us as devils.

CARMAN: Bill's right. All of which brings up the question of how often are you going to permit yourselves to be seen?

HUGHES: As seldom as possible. Of course there are some shots that we'll have to leave the globe for, and when we do, we'll be visible.

CARMAN: But the globe itself, won't it be visible?

HOPKINS: When we're at rest in time, yes. But in case of attack it's always easy to slip back a few years and disappear.

HUGHES: Or go ahead a few years and watch your enemy die of old age. Come on, Doc, let's turn in. . . . We'll need some sleep. I don't know how going backward in time affects your powers of slumber but personally I'd like to get some shut-eye before we start.

ORCHESTRA: (*In With Bridge . . . Background for Following*)

CARMAN: (*Narrative*) The next evening at six o'clock the three of us met in Dr. Hopkins' laboratory. It had been enlarged to house the new time globe and was strewn with pieces of equipment which had been discarded to make room for the camera and film containers. Because of the static effect of the two large gyroscopes, the camera on this first expedition had not been fitted for sound. . . . I noticed that Doctor Hopkins was exceedingly nervous as he made the few last minute adjustments before the departure. . . .

ORCHESTRA: (*Fades Out*)

HOPKINS: I'm still not so sure I should take you on this test trip, Bill. There are a lot of things might need adjusting.

HUGHES: (*Cutting In*) Shucks, doc. If it's good enough for you it's good enough for me. (*Light Laugh*) Besides, Alex here has a couple of million bucks sunk in this thing and I know he'll want me to go along to watch over his investment.

CARMAN: (*Consolingly*) There's no hurry about things, Doctor. If you want a few more weeks for tests it'll be quite all right with me.

HOPKINS: It's as ready as it'll ever be, Mr. Carman. The final test is the trip itself.

CARMAN: You still plan to visit the Egyptian Dynasties on this first hop?

HOPKINS: Yes. I don't want to put too much strain on the converter units for the first trip.

HUGHES: Well, I'm all set if you are, Doc. Film, exposure meter, and camera. That's all I need. I'm traveling light as you told me.

HOPKINS: We're all set then—climb in and take your seat.

CARMAN: (*Hesitantly*) I won't wait for the departure, if you don't mind. I—I don't think I could stand the strain.

HOPKINS: As you wish, Mr. Carman.

CARMAN: All I can say is—good luck—and well—the devil with the pictures if you get into trouble.

HOPKINS: There'll be no danger as long as we're inside the globe—the only dangers will be stepping outside to photograph.

CARMAN: Well—take care of yourselves.

HUGHES: (*Calling Out*) So long, Boss, you just sit tight and I'll bring you a five thousand year old egg for breakfast!

ORCHESTRA: (*Dramatic Bridge . . . Fade For*)

CARMAN: (*Resuming His Narration*) I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, I went direct to the Glover Club and got drunk. I awoke the next morning with a splitting headache. Before I was fully dressed my private phone rang.

ORCHESTRA: (*Out*)

SOUND: *Phone Rings*

CARMAN: (*Slightly Groggy*) Hello.

HUGHES: (*On Filter Mike*) Hello, boss. How are you?

CARMAN: (*Snapping Out of It*) Hughes! Where in God's name are you?

HUGHES: Sitting on the banks of the Nile fishing for crocodiles.

CARMAN: This is no time to be funny. What's the matter, didn't it work?

HUGHES: I'll say it worked! And how! The Doc and I are down at your private laboratory—We've just finished developing the first hundred feet! How soon can you get here?

SOUND: *Carman Hangs Up Phone Without Answering*

CARMAN: (*Shouting*) Williams—call my car immediately!

ORCHESTRA: (*Quick Bridge . . . Agitato*)

SOUND: *Door Opens*

CARMAN: (*Rushing In*) Bill,—Doctor. Thank Heavens I wasn't dreaming after all! How are you?

HUGHES: Swell, boss! Wait'll you get a load of this. (*Calling*) That film dry enough to project, Doc?

HOPKINS: (*Of . . . Approaching*) Yes—It's all set. (*Coming In*) How

are you, Mr. Carman?

CARMAN: Hello, Doc. This venture is going to be the death of me yet. What'd you get?

HUGHES: (*Enthusiastically*) Just wait till you see! All set, Doc?

HOPKINS: All set.

HUGHES: Turn off the lights, boss, and we'll show you something that'll knock your eyes out!

SOUND: (*Click of Light Switch*)

HUGHES: Snap on the projector.

SOUND: (*Click of Switch . . . Motion Picture Projector Runs*)

CARMAN: What in God's name is that?

HOPKINS: That is the desert around Gizeh, Mr. Carman.

CARMAN: Where they built the pyramids?

HOPKINS: Right—and this picture. This is the River Nile as it was in 5000 B. C.

CARMAN: (*Intensely Interested*) Looks very much like the Mississippi does today.

HOPKINS: Very much.

HUGHES: Get a load of this next shot, boss.

CARMAN: (*Reaction*) Great Scott!

HUGHES: Those are Egyptian slaves, boss. Thousands of them.

CARMAN: What are they doing?

HOPKINS: They're working to divert a section of the river and make it run about thirty miles to the east. Science has long wondered how the Egyptians transported the mighty stones of the pyramids to the construction site. Look at this.

CARMAN: (*Incredulous*) For God's sake! They were floated in place!

HOPKINS: Yes. See those huge rafts. The stones were floated almost a hundred miles down the Nile and then took the new river channel east. It is a beautiful example of early engineering. The close-ups are on the next reel.

SOUND: *Projector Off . . . Light Switch On*

CARMAN: (*Breathlessly*) Gentlemen—I—I must admit that for the first time in my life—I'm speechless.

HUGHES: Wait'll you see these next reels, boss, and you'll break your neck running for a straight-jacket.

ORCHESTRA: (*Bridge to Navarion*)

CARMAN: (*Resuming His Story*) The rest of the morning still seems like a dream. For an hour I sat there and saw gangs of swarthy workmen unload the stones that had come down the Nile. There were city scenes too, a hawking merchant spreading his stock of Babylonian garments before the eyes of some pretty, rich lady; a miscellaneous crowd swarming between the pylons to some

temple festival at Thebes; an excited, dark-eyed audience looking much like the Spaniards of today watching a bull fight; a group of children learning their cuneiform signs on clay tablets at a school in Nippur. . . . As the weeks went on, an obsession began to form in my mind, and try as I would I was unable to cast it aside. Before the first six months of filming was completed I knew that I would never be satisfied until I had made one of those journeys into the past. Just before the final scenes were to be shot, I caught Doctor Hopkins alone in his laboratory.

ORCHESTRA: (*Up and Out*)

SOUND: *Door Opens*

CARMAN: Busy, Doc?

HOPKINS: No. Come in.

SOUND: *Door Closes*

CARMAN: I brought the last section of script over myself.

HOPKINS: (*Going Right on Working*) Oh, the Glacial Period scenes?

Good—I was wondering when we'd make them.

CARMAN: Hughes and I have been editing and cutting the picture ourselves—We don't dare call anyone else in on it.

HOPKINS: I can well understand. How much more will we shoot?

CARMAN: Just the glacier scenes and we're through.

HOPKINS: Good.

CARMAN: There's something I want to ask you, Doc.

HOPKINS: Yes? What's that?

CARMAN: I want you to take me with you on this last trip.

HOPKINS: As a photographer?

CARMAN: No. As a passenger. Hughes will have to go along for the pictures. I don't know anything about cameras.

HOPKINS: I'm afraid that's not possible, Carman. You see, this will be the longest trip we've made—and space in-



Whipping out a revolver, he fired six shots into the charging bear. But the leaden pellets served only to infuriate the mammoth still more

side the globe is at a premium.

CARMAN: But—

HOPKINS: As it is, I don't dare risk the equipment to the extent of visiting the first of the big glaciers. As near as we can make out, that was five hundred thousand years ago. Hughes and I plan to visit the fifth—the one from which the earth is now emerging.

CARMAN: When was that?

HOPKINS: Less than fifty thousand years ago.

CARMAN: But surely you can take me on that trip.

HOPKINS: It's purely a question of space, Carman. The globe is not nearly large enough.

CARMAN: But—*(Suddenly Seized With an Idea)* I have it! Your first time globe. The one you gave me that demonstration in. Is it still intact?

HOPKINS: Why yes, but—

CARMAN: Then there's no reason why with a few instructions I can't accompany you. Now—no more arguments, Hopkins. It's my money that is making this trip possible and I'm going!

ORCHESTRA: *(His This Statement With Positive Chord)*

CARMAN: *(Back to Narration)* Two weeks later we left for the Glacial period. I was operating the small time globe by following a series of written instructions by Doctor Hopkins. Hopkins had selected the region around Stagshaw, England, for the scenes because of better light conditions. I will not attempt a description of the voyage because there was nothing to describe. Latitude and longitude had been carefully planned. Both globes were in contact by radio. At a signal I threw the first switch. The walls of the globe took on a rosy hue. Carefully I followed the directions and the rosy color grew deeper and deeper. My ears lost their sense of hearing, and my senses reeled. I watched the micrometer hand on the sweep second dial. At the instructed point I cut the switch. There was a gentle bump and my hearing returned. The walls of the globe turned suddenly very white and I heard the voice of Doctor Hopkins come over the radio.

HOPKINS: *(On Filter)* We are now at rest in time fifty-five thousand years before the birth of Christ. The world is already dying under the intense cold. The whiteness of your window ports is caused by frost. Take a torch and melt it loose. You should be able to see our globe out your right port.

CARMAN: *(Back to Narrative)* I did as I was instructed and a spectacular sight met my eyes. Not less than a hundred feet away was our other time globe. We were at rest on a frozen and frost whitened earth. In every direction as

far as my eyes could see, the world was white. I melted the frost on my left port and was amazed at what I saw. A huge wall of ice, the Wenz Glacier, towering almost three thousand feet high, was steadily advancing toward us. I was seized with a desire to flee but the voice of Doctor Hopkins over the radio reassured me.

HOPKINS: *(On Radio)* There is little danger from the ice unless a piece should break off and fall. And that is highly improbable. The rate of advance is only six inches a minute. We are reasonably safe for the time being. Hughes is going outside to photograph.

CARMAN: As he spoke, I saw the door of the other globe open and Bill Hughes step out. He was completely encased in furs, dressed very much like an Eskimo. He walked about five hundred yards away from the time ship and set up his camera. Then it happened.

ORCHESTRA: *(Take Up Agitato Theme)*

CARMAN: From an ice floe at the bottom of the glacier emerged a mammoth, but such an animal as was never seen. Fully as large as an elephant and gaunt with hunger it charged straight at Hughes. Hughes had no time to run. Whipping off a fur mitten he drew his revolver and fired six shots into the beast. The leaden pellets only served to infuriate him more, but Doctor Hopkins had prepared the cameraman for all emergencies. Reaching beneath his furs Hughes withdrew a hand grenade. Holding the pin between his teeth he pulled the weapon and threw it straight into the face of the charging mammoth. There was a tremendous explosion and the animal flew into a thousand pieces. The concussion knocked Hughes flat on his back. I had my hand on the door of the time globe to run to his assistance when my ears detected a great rumbling noise. Looking up I saw the huge glacier crack and peel. Simultaneously came the voice of Doctor Hopkins over the radio—

HOPKINS: *(On Radio)* The concussion of the explosion broke loose a portion of the glacier. Throw your control over to positive full—I'll try to save Hughes.

CARMAN: Almost mechanically I did as I was instructed and I felt the machine respond. The walls of the globe began to dim and my senses dulled, but before I lost sight I saw a scene that I will carry with me to my grave. Dr. Hopkins was dragging the inert figure of Bill Hughes toward the time machine as a hundred million tons of ice crushed them!

ORCHESTRA: *(Climax Chord and Out)*

CAST VOICES: *(Startled Exclamations)*

KIRKMAN: Alex—had we not seen the living proof of your story on the

screen tonight, I for one would be inclined to call the authorities to take charge of you.

CARMAN: I am grateful for your confidence.

SPENCER: The other time machine, where is it?

CARMAN: When I returned to the present I was stunned by my experience. I stumbled out of the machine and into the street, where I hailed a car. That night the news came that Dr. Hopkins' laboratory had been destroyed by fire. I had forgotten to make the disconnections Dr. Hopkins had instructed me to make.

KIRKMAN: Alex, you have done a marvelous thing. You have produced the world's greatest picture.

CARMAN: You're wrong, Sam. Life itself produced "Outline of History"—we only recorded it. And I am happy to tell you that World Wide Films does not intend to profit by this great masterpiece.

SPENCER: How's that?

CARMAN: As soon as the original investment is returned, the picture will be distributed free to schools, colleges, churches and civic bodies to be used as a living monument to two great men,—Dr. Charles Hopkins, who discovered the doorway to history—and Bill Hughes, who made it immortal!

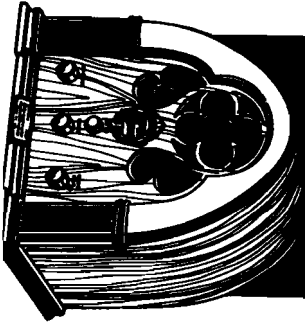
ORCHESTRA: *(Up to Full and Finish)*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following dispatch was reported by the Reuters (British) News Agency, date of July 1st, 1939, under the heading "Scientific Mystery." We quote in detail: "Archaeologists of the Hamilton-Wayne Foundation, engaged in uncovering relics of the late Palaeolithic period from excavations at Stagshaw, reported an amazing discovery yesterday to the home office.

"While uncovering stone weapons of the period, the diggers struck a peculiar metal framework, spherical in shape and near it what appeared to be a chrome-steel automatic. John Wayne, president of the foundation, was flying to Stagshaw late today and could not be reached for a statement. What is most distressing to the members of the expedition is the fact that use of metal had not been discovered by inhabitants of the late Palaeolithic Period, and the presence of twentieth century chrome-steel embedded in fossilized rock of fifty thousand years ago is causing a great amount of speculation."



THE END



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